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A Girl of Yesterday

By Martha McCulloch Williams

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"It's no use—not the least," Dora said despondently, though her lips curled faintly. "Wear that—thing to the Marston! I won't. That's flat. I don't expect, of course, to have things like other girls—but this once—well, it seems to me, if father—"

"Shut up!" Prudence, her elder, worn and worried, said imperatively. "Nag me all you want to, but leave father out. The salt of the earth—that's what he is—so good I don't see how he can have a flirty, flighty child such as you."

Dora was used to such sisterly amenities. There were just the two of them—father did not count. Unlucky, mild, the soul of honor, he had a talent for losing whatever he ventured, so had ceased from venturing—not quite voluntarily, to be sure. Squire Hexly, his wife's father, had tied up his daughter's portion, so it laired solely to the benefit of the two girls. It was safely invested—so safely the income was mighty slender. Hence the chaffings of Dora—and Prudence's careworn face.

Prudence loved her father passionately—because she understood him. The fine fibre that made it impossible for him to be shrewd and money-making seemed to her the most wonderful thing in the world. She petted him undemonstratively—chiefly in the way of cooking what he liked, exactly as he liked it. Further, she made Dora keep the peace—mainly by giving the young lady much more than was equitably hers. But she had refused the new party dress, firmly, and spent herself on refurbishing an old one. Dora had already spent much more than her share of the joint income—and Prudence was bent upon buying her father a new greatcoat—he had needed one for two winters at least.

Commonly, she either coaxed Dora out of the sulks, or ended them by herself giving in. This time she did neither. Instead, she nonchalantly took up her shears, saying over her



"Give it to her and welcome."

shoulder, "If you are so set against this dress, I know a girl that'll be glad to have it. It only needs a little shortening and a bit of the waist measure to make it fit Elinor Lee—"

"She shan't have it—it's my dress—even if I don't mean to wear it," Dora flashed out. "Hateful thing! She'd feel fine as Friday—though she knew everybody was laughing at her, because she had on my cast-off clothes."

"You don't want them to laugh at her, I suppose," Prudence said argumentatively.

Dora gave her a withering look, saying, "You know I don't want her to go. She's so uppish, and forward, always pushing herself into everything."

"I say she's nice—always trying to help along. Tastes differ," Prudence countered loftily, still clutching the shears. "As you say—this is your frock. Wonder if I haven't got something that might do for Elinor? There's my graduating dress—you turn up your nose at it—but those old-fashioned rosebud silks are coming back again."

"Give it to her and welcome—if she comes in it, she will be worse than a laughing stock," Dora said, scowling.

Prudence turned sharply on her. "You're my blood—whether or no," she said. "Don't let a bean, more or less, make you so mean and hateful. You're afraid Elinor will cut you out with Tazewell Gray. I hope she won't—he's the best chance you'll ever have—but you won't get him by being so despicable. He has eyes that see deeper than a pretty face—even if it is yours."

"Yet—you won't help me," Dora snuffed, hiding her eyes. "You know how particular he is—that's why I must have something new—"

"You can't! That's the word with the bark on it," Prudence retorted. "But if you'll be sensible, I'll drape my lace shawl over this green satin—and then nobody will know it isn't new—right straight from the city."

It was an enormous sacrifice—made in the interest of peace and matrimony. Dora knew it—the lace shawl was next to her conscience, Prudence's most cherished possession, an heirloom, fine and costly, descend-

ed from a great grandmother, to whom fine and costly things were not rare. It would give distinction to any frock. Instantly, Dora was smiling. She even patted her sister's hand, saying, "Oh, but you are clever, Prue. I won't be naughty again for a whole month."

Then the two fell to work, with the result that Prudence had time next day to fit the rosebud silk to alight, pretty Elinor Lee—and feel more than rewarded by the girl's shy yet genuine gratitude.

"You—you are—better than a fairy godmother, Miss Prue," she said. "Because this beautiful frock won't turn to rags even if I do dance on past 12 o'clock."

The Marston dance reached almost the dignity of a ball. Dora was easily the belle of it—tall and dashing, vivid in color, mobile of face, she caught every eye. The transfused green satin became her as no other gown had ever done. It swathed her slender, curving shape modestly, yet alluringly. Because she knew she was looking her best, she was at her best—until the unexpected happened.

Elinor was unaccountably late in coming. Truth to tell, she had come long before the rest, and spent the interval in helping kind Mrs. Marston with the fine, last details of supper. She had been wise enough to rest afterward—even to sleep a little while. As a result she came among the dancers dewy-eyed, and as rosy fresh as the flowers upon her frock. They had held color, and showed finely against a ground once white but now the softest cream. The low bodice had a lace bertha at top—the frostwork of it was caught up in front with a knot of real pink roses. Tiny ruffles fluffed over the foot of the full skirt. Truly, Elinor's feet, beneath, "like little mice, played in and out." Her mass of fair, wavy hair, simply parted, and coiled low, went beautifully with the gown's lines. Altogether, she was a picture, the sweetest picture in all the world to one pair of eyes—Tazewell Gray's eyes.

He had hung about Dora half a year, all the while conscious of Elinor's attraction. Commonly he had seen her in the world of workaday—a fragment of the huge machine known as public education. Rosy and rose-beset, he knew her for what she was—the woman of all the world to fill and crown his life. He strode toward her, forgetting all else. But before he came to her, Allan Muir had whisked her off in a waltz. Indeed, for a full hour he could not get near her. Outblowing the roses of yesterday, she put even Dora in the shade. Partners, the most finicky, the most eligible, swarmed about her—her card was full in a twinkling. By way of keeping the peace she even parted dances between the young fellows she knew best.

Tazewell would have no such partnership. Audaciously, in the face of an eager partner, he drew Elinor out on the piazza to say:

"Girls of yesterday didn't flirt—you look the part—are you going to live up to it?"

"No—because I don't know how," Elinor murmured, drooping lightly toward him.

Then and there he kissed her—quite forgetting Dora.

FIND REST IN NEEDLEWORK

More Women Should Realize the Beneficial Effects Such Employment Has on the Nerves.

Not many realize what a restful effect needlework has on one, and it has this great advantage over books, that one is not lost to all around. One woman of artistic tastes goes to the museum and makes sketches of well-known pieces of art needlework and tapestry designs, and then sets to work to copy them. And the woman who would look charmingly picturesque well knows she is most fascinating sitting before a frame, with exquisite colored silks near her.

But this kind of needlework needs more thought than white work. As one sews, the thoughts come fast. One remembers one's grandmother, showing one how to put the needle in, and advising stroking the cotton under the hem neatly, when an impatient beginner would tie a knot. One also remembers the beautiful work she accomplished.

That strange and interesting woman Princess Helene von Racowitza, in her memoirs, amusingly describes her first attempt at tailoring, with which she was delighted. And she says ever since her first success she has made all her own clothes, including lingerie. The princess must be a monument of patience and cleverness, because the making of gowns, in these days, is an art not lightly acquired.

Bandit Career Nipped in Bud.

An amusing tale of a would-be bandit comes from Belgium, Rene Tasse-roul, aged 15, clerk in an office in Brussels, was sent by his employer to bank \$160. His employer heard no more of him. A week later Rene, now an elegant and well-dressed youth, resident in a private hotel, astonished the manager of the house by rushing into his private room, brandishing a pistol in either hand, and offering the old-fashioned alternative of "Your money or your life." Fortunately, the manager was too quick for him, and the young brigand was disarmed. Tasse-roul confessed that he had spent his employer's money in purchasing a store of pistols, knives, etc., and had decided to rob the hotel-keeper in order to obtain further funds before setting out for California, there to live the life of a bandit.

Hopkinsville Market Quotations.

Corrected Feb. 14, 1912.

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clean 12c per pound.
Country bacon, 12c per pound.
Black-eyed peas, \$4.00 per bushel.
Country shoulders, 10c per pound.
Country hams, 18c per pound.
Irish potatoes, \$1.00 per bushel.
Northern eating Rural potatoes \$1.60 per bushel.
Texas eating onions, \$1.75 per bushel.
Red eating onions, \$1.75 per bushel.
Dried Navy beans, \$3.25 per bushel.
Cabbage, 4 cents a pound.
Dried Lima beans, 10c per pound.
Country dried apples, 12c per pound.
Daisy cream cheese, 25c per pound.
Full cream brick cheese, 25c per pound.
Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c per pound.
Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound.
Fresh Eggs 35c per doz.
Choice lots fresh, well-worked country butter, in pound prints, 30c.

FRUITS.

Lemons, 25c per dozen.
Navel Oranges, 30c, 40c, per doz.
Bananas, 15c and 20c doz.
New York State apples \$5.00 to \$6.00 per barrel.

Cash Price Paid For Produce.

POULTRY.

Dressed hens, 12c per pound.
Dressed cocks, 7c per pound.
Live hens, 10c per pound; live cocks, 8c per pound; live turkeys, 13c per pound.

ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers:

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb.
"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb.
Mayapple, 3c; pink root, 12c and 18c.
Tallow—No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 4c.
Wool—Burry, 10c to 17c; Clear Grease, 21c, medium, tub washed, 23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tub washed, 18c.
Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c; dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck, 22c to 35c, new.

Hides and Skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides. Southern green hides 8c. We quote assorted lots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 better demand.

Dressed geese, 11c per pound for choice lots, live 5c.

Fresh country eggs, 25 cents per dozen.

Fresh country butter 25c lb.

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Choice timothy hay, \$18.00.
No. 1 timothy hay, \$17.00.
Choice clover hay, \$16.00.
No. 1 clover hay, \$16.00.
Clean, bright straw hay, \$5.00.
Alfalfa hay, \$18.00.
White seed oats, 55c.
Black seed oats, 55c.
Mixed seed oats, 48c.
No. 2 white corn, 55c.
No. 2 mixed corn, 55c.
Winter wheat bran, \$26.00.
Chops, \$3.50.

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